**Hallway**

I almost forget about my arrangement with Prim when classes end, and instead immediately pack up my bags to go home as I normally do.

Thankfully, though, she finds me before I leave.

Prim: Hey.

Pro: Oh, right.

Prim: …right?

Pro: It’s nothing, heh…

Sensing an awkward moment approaching, I try to change the subject quickly before things can get weird.

Pro: So, what will we be doing?

Prim: Um…

Prim: Your friends aren’t in any clubs?

Pro: Well, one of them agreed to let us look around, but not today…

Prim: Oh, I see.

Prim: Um…

Prim: I guess I’ll ask him to come, then.

Pro: Him?

**Hallway**

?Mick: Oh, it’s him?

After a five minute wait I find myself being stared down by some first-year I don’t think I’ve ever seen before.

Wait. I have seen him before. I just don’t remember his name.

Pro: Hey there. You’re…

Mick **OR** Morio **OR** Meowth

{

Pro: …Mick, right?

Mick: Yeah. And you’re Pro.

Pro: That’s me…

}

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Pro: …Morio, right?

Mick: Huh? I’m Mick.

Pro: Oh, sorry…

}

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Pro: …Meowth, right?

?Mick: …

?Mick: Seriously…?

Pro: Sorry, it was the only name I could think of that starts with an “M”…

?Mick: That’s not really a name though.

Pro: I know.

Mick: I’m Mick. And don’t forget it this time.

}

Prim looks between us concernedly, maybe having somewhat expected Mick’s hostility. I don’t wanna worry her though, so I suppose I’ll suck up my pride…

Pro: Thanks for agreeing to show us around. What club are you in?

Mick: Oh, Prim didn’t tell you? I’m in the tennis club.

Oh. A sport.

I glance over at Prim, who’s suddenly started to avoid my gaze. I did, after all, say that I’d like to avoid a sport, but then again she also said that visiting the tennis club would be a last resort, so…

I guess that’s that. Our first club is a last resort.

Before I can start formulating an escape plan, though, she makes eye contact with me. Her expression is so obviously and innocently worried that I start to accept my fate…

Pro: Alright, let’s do this then. Should we get changed?

Mick: Yeah. Change into your gym clothes and meet me by the tennis courts.

And without another word he turns around and walks off.

Prim: Um…

Prim: Sorry about all this.

Pro: Oh, it’s alright. I don’t really mind doing a sport.

I do wish that our guide were a bit friendlier, though…

Pro: Let’s go get changed and meet over there, okay?

Prim: …

Prim: Okay.